

## New Year's Dream

By Evelyn Heston

(NOTE—This article, printed in the Boston Globe in 1893, predicted many things which have become a reality in much less time than anticipated.)

**T**HIS New Year's eve while I lounged with nothing else to do, I scanned each column of the Globe and almost ere I knew a growing dimness stole across the printed page; I drew it nearer, and behold! 'twas yellowed o'er with age. My hands, I found, had wrinkled grown, my locks were changed to gray; my form was bent, my vision dim, my teeth had passed away. And as I gazed I heard a voice, "Good morning, grandma, dear! I wish you many, many times a Happy, Glad New Year." Then tall men said they were my sons, and daughters fair to see told me this wasn't ninety-three, but nineteen forty-three.

Said I: "My memory has failed; how goes the world today?"

"You shall go out this afternoon and see the town," cried they.

At that the tears flowed down my cheeks. Quoth I, "The days are ended when these poor eyes could see the sights."

"Oh, no! we'll have them mended." A grown-up son then seized a knob and gave three pulls upon it:

"The car will be here at once, mother; put on your bonnet." And while he spoke the coupe came; 'twas wonderful to me, how faster than e'en fabled horse was electricity. My son just turned and touched a screw; you'd think I'd lost my mind if I should tell how fast we flew, for we left the wind behind.

We went to see the surgeon first. "The lenses crystalline have grown too flat with age," he said. "We must put new ones in."

With that he hypnotized my mind in some peculiar way, such rare sweet visions flooded by, then quickly passed away. I woke, my eyes were strong and well, and hastening to depart we paid the fee and entered next a gallery of art. But as to pictures, when I turned, so very strange they seemed, I thought the artist must have sketched the stories he had dreamed.

"We never think of painting now," my guide said, with a laugh. "These are but landscapes in the moon, taken by photograph."

"What! are there people in the moon?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said he. "Here is a lunar telescope; look through and you will see."

I gazed, and to my great surprise distinctly saw them walking. I listened at another tube and there I heard them talking.

"You see," said he, "we've learned to catch such swift, intense vibrations in the thin ether that we hear their slightest intonations. You look surprised," my son went on. "I'll show those eyes of yours a sight worth while, our famous scheme that beats the Paris sewers. These little gutters ramify through all the streets and streets and catch the rain and hail and melting snow. These tiny gratings match, conducting down to pipes beneath, which take it miles below straight towards the center of the earth, where the great heat, you know, will turn it into steam of course, and up it comes again, by other pipes, to spin and weave and cook and print for men. It feeds the factories through the land with no expense for fuel; it pollishes for artisans full many a precious jewel. We've laid large pipes through all the streets to warm the winter weather, so rheumatism's out of date and done with altogether."

"Now, mother, we will go and lunch in Africa's sunny clime," and drawing out his watch he said, "I see there's simple time. The sub-Atlantic tunnel's done; we'll take it over there. The cars are sent through every hour by the force of compressed air." He placed me on a cushioned seat within an egg-shaped car, suspended in an iron tube. I felt a sudden jar, and then, to my astonishment, conscious of nothing more, I found that we were standing upon the farther shore.

And soon we reached a city near the Mountains of the Moon. (They told me Ethiopia would be admitted soon as one of the United States, for China late had been.) We found a place to order lunch, by three tall men brought in. They served us well, but spoke no word, while gravely bowing low.

Quoth me: "I thought that slavery was done with long ago."

"So 'tis," said he. "Then who," I asked, "are these three stalwart fellows?"

## Our Long Suit

AMID the vicissitudes of this changing time and with the consciousness of temporariness that comes with the flight of a year, it is pleasant to think of the enduring character of the best thing in life, unfailing love, as does the writer of the following series:

**CARDS and the game are ours as time flits by  
And deals us chances on the uncertain stage,  
But, while our wisdom may increase with age,  
We seldom win, however hard we try.**

**Clubs promise most to our insistent youth,  
And diamonds glitter to our later gaze,  
But melancholy spades our hopes amaze  
And leave them buried after all, forsooth.**

**We count the riches of the passing days,  
Our gains, our losses, and our gain withal,  
Our greatest gain, the one that once so small,  
Ever increasing, stays with us always:**

**Joy after joy approaches and departs,  
But we have kept the fellowship of hearts!**

—Timothy Barry

"They are not human, mother, dear; they're only tame gorillas."

Much as I feared the tunnel then, I feared gorillas more, and glad was I to come again back to our beloved shore.

"When home once more my son remarked: 'You'll want to see the play at the Olympian theater; it is their matinee.'"

"I think I'd like to stay indoors," I said, "and rest awhile."

"Oh, well, you need not leave the house," he answered with a smile. "We do not go to theaters like the cannibals, I hope. Just darken, close the dioscope and you will see the actresses, the cornices and frieze. Beside it stands the telephone and you can hear with ease."

"What is a dioscope?" I cried.

"A small, objective lens, so placed as to command the stage (as all the world now knows), connected by electric wire with your white plate of glass that's framed in panel on our wall, and over this will pass the scenery and actors both until the play is through. By electricians it was tried in 1882. But that is quite old-fashioned, so I'll show you something new. You'll want to ride in my balloon directly after tea; I'll take you, if you're not too tired, up to the Polar sea."

His kindness overpowered me, and I began to weep, when someone shouted in my ear, "You are crying in your sleep."

The Globe had fallen on the floor, the lamp was growing dim, so what my son might yet have said is known to none but him.

\*A fact.

### BANISH THAT STRAW MAN

Supposing you thought you had been able to ward off all bad luck during the coming year by merely throwing a straw image out of your house on the last day of December. You would have thrown out not only one image, but a dozen. And supposing that with the discarding of the straw effigy you had thrown away all your sins. This is what the people of far-away Korea believe. On the day before New Year's the wise and far-seeing head of each family carefully makes a rough image of straw, which, with great ceremony, is taken to the door and thrown away with all the vigor a man would exert when he threw away ill fortune.

### NEW YEAR OF ANCIENTS

The ancient Egyptians, Phoenicians and Persians began their new year at the autumnal solstice (September 21) and the Greeks, until the Fifth century, B. C., began the year at the winter solstice (December 21). In 482, B. C., the Greeks changed the festival to June 21, the beginning of summer.

### THE JULIAN CALENDAR

In the Julian calendar New Year day occurs 12 days later than in the Gregorian and the countries in which the Greek church predominates observe the holiday on January 12.

## The Idyll of a Tug Boat

By Christopher G. Hazard

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**T**HE matter with Andrews is that he cannot keep upon any one course. He tacks all over the bay but does not make any port. Shifting as a weather vane, he is as contradictory. He started upon the road to a profession, but landed in a brick-making concern. Then he concluded that he was meant for big business, but he tried to start too high up. A chicken farm was his next employment and it netted him a large amount of costly experience. He now thinks of trying mining, but will undoubtedly dig up disaster. If he ends as a good shoeblack it will be at the bottom, where he ought to have begun, and he will be nearer to true progress.

The tug boat that was proceeding up the river was named "Patience." It was tugging a long following of canal boats at a slow pace. It was making its way towards a definite point and over a prescribed and limited course. And it was going to get there. All its energy was pledged to perseverance in the practice of the proverb, "It's doggedness as does it." The eagle over the pilot house had its wings spread, although it could not fly yet. The boy who stood at the bow said, "I'm only a ship's boy now, but I'll be a man tomorrow."

Can success find such a leap year as will enable it to land at the end of a twelvemonth without plodding towards it from its beginning? Is there any recipe that will enable a young fellow like Andrews to obtain his father's position and wealth without pursuing his father's path of long and patient toil? Must not the well of a bucket shop run dry? Can a gambler finally break the bank?

And can a Jack-at-all-trades be a master of any? No! The times call for specialists, rather than general practitioners. It will be a New Year indeed for everything in general when it becomes something in particular. Better the patient, persistent tug boat than the more exciting but less profitable airplane. The ship's boy of today must precede the captain of tomorrow.

### NEW YEAR'S CALLS

From old Dutch times to the middle of the Nineteenth century New Year's day in many American cities was devoted to the universal interchange of visits. Every door was thrown open and it was a breach of etiquette to omit an acquaintance in the annual calls, when old friendships were renewed and family differences amicably settled.

### NEW YEAR GIFTS

The custom of giving and receiving gifts on New Year day, which originated in Rome, still survives in France and Scotland, although in most countries the exchange of gifts at Christmas has taken its place.

### WHAT SHALL WE WRITE?

What shall we write on the fair new page called 1923? Can we not make it a record of golden deeds? Youth's Companion.

## The "Kicker"

Installed in a few minutes—no bolts or screws—no oiling or greasing—hidden from sight—installed or removed without injury, change or effect to your car.

J. W. Taylor

KEYTESVILLE, MO.

## A VAULT THAT KEEPS OUT ALL WATER

**N**OT one drop of water can enter this vault, because it is constructed on the "diving bell" principle, of twelve gauge Keystone copper-bearing steel which positively resists rust and corrosion. It affords the permanent protection we desire for the remains of our loved ones. (Stone, brick and concrete vaults let water in and hold it.) We supply the Clark Grave Vault because it has proved to be the most perfect form of protection. It is guaranteed for fifty years.

Mrs. C. L. Herring & Son, Keytesville, Mo.

CLARK



GRAVE VAULT

## We wish you a Happy Prosperous New Year Star Bakery

Keytesville - Mo.

### A TIMELY SUGGESTION

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the winter is over and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the first indication of a cold appears and before it has become settled in the system. There is no danger in giving it to children as it contains no opium or other harmful drug.

### CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

is often caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever.

**HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh. **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over Forty Years.

Sold by all druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

### TRUSTEE'S SALE

Whereas, Solomon C. Carson, and Fannie Carson, his wife, by their deed of trust, dated November 17, 1920, recorded on Book 51 page 581 of records of Chariton County, Missouri, conveyed to the undersigned trustees, the north half of the southwest quarter of section thirty, township fifty-six, range seventeen, County of Chariton and State of Missouri, to secure the payment of a certain note described in said deed of trust, said note being past due, at the request of the legal holder of said note I will sell on Friday, January 12, 1923, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. the above described property at the East door of the court house in the City of Keytesville, Chariton County, Missouri, to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy the said note and pay the costs of executing this trust.

F. G. LANCASTER, Trustee.

Dec. 22, 23, Jan. 5, 12, 1923.

## Let's Start With a Clean Slate



## A New Year's Song

**O**N NEW YEAR'S EVE in England, All in the olden day, The children went a-caroling, All in the olden way; And ever as they journey'd on, This chorus would you hear: "God send you happy, God send you happy, Pray God send you a happy New Year!"

Across the fields and meadows And through the frosty light, While starry eyes and starry skies Illumed the wintry night, The children caroled blithely on, In chorus sweet and clear: "God send you happy, God send you happy, Pray God send you a happy New Year!"

Our days are sadly modern, Our ways are modern, too; But hearts still beat as high with love As once they used to do— So take the old-time message, Good friends, both far and near: "God send you happy, God send you happy, Pray God send you a happy New Year!" —Nora Archibald Smith.

## A Rule of Life

**T**HOUGH every day is a new beginning, and so far as our personal experience is concerned a "new year" may start any time, there is something about the ending of December and the first week or so of January that makes even the careless thoughtful. The passing year has brought both joy and sorrow—what may not the next have in store? Where shall we be when the New Year bells fall on our ears again? Who will be with us? Shall we be ill or well? Disquieting questions that disturb our ease and make us inclined to fear.

We have blundered sorely, it may be, in the old year; some of its pages are blurred with regret, or the sombre stains of remorse. And no matter what happiness may have been ours, there is always something we did or left undone which saddens us as we remember. Shall we make the same mistakes once more, leave the same blotted record? Our hearts grow chill, and we turn away, disheartened on the New Year's threshold.

This is quite the wrong spirit in which to face the battle that lies before us. It is right that we should look back to see where we failed, and how. But this once recognized, with our plea for forgiveness—a plea that will never be refused if we are truly sorry—we must lift up our hearts again and set out to slay our enemies. They are within us, not without. Inside our citadel dwells that evil temper, that pride, that intolerance, that greed or envy which tempts us to desert our colors—to think that the fight is hopeless. Each of us has his own special temptation, and, once we realize the form ours takes, the way lies straight before us.

It's the fashion to smile at New Year resolutions, so often made only to be broken; but they are a definite help if we make them firmly intending to keep them! They will only weaken us if we throw them to a troublesome conscience merely as a sop—something to keep it quiet for the time, until it goes to sleep again. Providing that they be sufficiently elastic to change their form when there is reasonable cause, rules fence in duties that might

be neglected and keep them in the forefront of our minds. But to multiply rules is a big mistake, for there is one which, faithfully kept, will make us both blessing and blessed.

The Rule of Love. Just loving our neighbor as we love ourselves; serving him, trusting him, hoping for him. Refraining even under grave provocation from saying what would sting if he said it to us; forgiving him as we would be forgiven; considering him as we would be considered; helping him when he needs it with the thoughtful delicacy which makes help acceptable instead of humiliating; respecting his weakness, his prejudice, his infirmity; laughing with him instead of at him; and, should there come a time when sincerely demands, we should say what we know will not please him, taking care to blend truth with charity.

All the "little" rules we make for ourselves come into line with this one. The Rule of Order—oh, how many New Years have we not begun with the resolution that we would not leave our things about, nor lose them, nor hide them away! For we cannot be untidy all to ourselves any more than we can be ill tempered and not spoil someone else's pleasure; and nothing is more upsetting to already wearied brains than the fuss and worry of hunting for things which should be ready to hand. The Rule of Punctiliousness in little things, that famous "oller of the wheels of life," will make us both polite and punctual, as we must be if we would be pleasant to work with (judging other people's preferences by our own!) The Rule of Getting-Up-In-Time (this almost deserves all capitals!) means, if kept, a great deal more than our own conveniences, since everything we do or leave undone is bound to react on our neighbors.

And even if we often fail to keep, even faithfully, the golden rule which enjoins us to love them as ourselves, every effort we make in this direction brings its own reward, here and now. As we grow into the habit of thinking of people kindly we cease to be annoyed at their peculiarities, and create an atmosphere of good feeling in which they cease to be annoyed at ours. We must always remember that the bearing and forbearing is not needed on our side alone—as Thomas a Kempis said long ago, when we find our neighbor difficult to put up with, we may be sure that he finds it equally difficult to put up with us. There will always be need for self-control and patience; but when we reckon up gain and loss on the eve of 1923, in the measure we have kept the Rule of Love, so one will outweigh the other.

"We turn and look upon the valley of the past year," says Stopford Brooke. "There below are the spots stained by our evil and our fear. But as we look a glow of sunlight breaks upon the past, and in the sunshine is a soft rain falling from heaven. It washes away the stain, and from the purity of the upper sky a voice seems to descend and enter our sobered hearts. 'My child, go forward, abiding in faith, hope, and love, for lo, I am with you always' . . ."

May the New Year bring us all near each other as children of the same dear Father.—Exchange.

### NEW YEAR DEMANDS OUR BEST.

When people calmly talk over their troubles there are few of them that cannot be adjusted satisfactorily. It's this suspicion and hate that block progress. Let men learn the real nature of their fellows and there will be a change in their attitude toward them. There's enough good in every man to change the nature of the world. Let's get busy and dig up the noble sentiments and hopes that are buried beneath years of unfair thinking and cheap theories of living. The New Year demands the best we can produce.—Grit.